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afterwards, but the mother would bring out the piece of dried flesh quite frequently and examine it very carefully to see if it had begun to decay. This she did as long as she lived. She claimed that her son was still living, for the flesh was well preserved. She said that soon after his death the piece of skin will commence to decay, and not before. After the mother died, about 1843, the sisters kept the piece of flesh as carefully, with the same notions about its preservation and decay.

SHOOTING WITCHES IN CREAM.—In one of the newer towns in Orleans County, Vermont, about sixty years ago, a farmer churned some cream nearly all day without "bringing the butter." He said the witches had got into the cream and that was the cause of all the delay. He deliberately loaded his musket and fired the whole charge into the cream, fully in the belief that he would do no injury to the cream, but would dispel the witches. It was not long before he had the satisfaction of seeing the "butter come," and he exulted over his sagacity in dealing with those occult forces. Within a very few years I have heard people express themselves in such a way that betrayed their belief in witchcraft. But they were not found in the better class of society.

A POSSESSED OWL.—About fifty years ago, while a father and son were clearing land in Grafton County, in the valley of the Connecticut River, an owl alighted near them, and lingered in their neighborhood ; they tried to take it alive, and made several attempts to shoot it, but the gun missed fire. The young man believed that the soul of some curious and ill-disposed person was in the owl, and caused it to approach, for the purpose of finding out secrets, or listening to conversation. After the spirit had gone, the owl was left free to act according to its nature and fly away. No owl, it was afterwards thought, could have turned its head in so human-like a way, unless possessed by the spirit of man.

LETTER TO THE RATS.—In Grafton County, a farmer's wife, being troubled with rats, was advised to write them a letter, advising them to leave. This she did ; but being a conscientious person, she also requested them not to go to any of her neighbors' dwellings, but into the woods, where they would injure no one. The letter was folded, addressed to the rats, and placed in one of the most frequented rat-holes in the walls of the house. The letter I heard read ; it was written in a very humble spirit.

John MacNab Currier.

NEWPORT, VT.

THE MAGPIE AND THE FOX (A Corean Tale).—Once upon a time a magpie had made its nest in the branches of a tree, and was rearing its young, when a fox came along that way.

"Mrs. Magpie," he cried out, "throw me down one of your little ones."

"No, I won't," said she.

"Well," returned the fox, "if you don't, I will climb up and take them all."

This greatly frightened the magpie, which in Corea is a very foolish bird, so she threw down one of her young, which the fox devoured. The next day he came again, and by means of the same threat, got another little bird.